

Our Dumb Animals.

"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE WHO



CANNOT SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES."

"I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm."

Vol. 2.

BOSTON, JANUARY 4, 1870.

No. 8.

Our Dumb Animals.

Published on the first Tuesday of each Month

BY THE

Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of
Cruelty to Animals,

AT THE SOCIETY'S ROOMS,

46 Washington Street Boston.

TERMS.—\$1.00 per annum, in advance.

Postage in the city, FREE. To all parts of the United States, outside of Boston, TWELVE CENTS PER ANNUM for each package of four ounces, payable in advance, at the office where received.

Articles for the paper and subscriptions may be sent to the Secretary.

GEORGE T. ANGELL President.
HENRY SALTONSTALL Treasurer.
FRANK B. FAY Secretary.
CHARLES A. CURRIER Special Agent.

IMMORTALITY OF THE HORSE.

BY GEO. FLEMING.

The horse, of all domestic animals, suffers most. He alone of all creatures is doomed to never-ceasing labor. He would seem to be haunted by the demon of fatigue and pain from his earliest years—a demon whose power to torment increases as the horse becomes aged and worn. If any animal deserves a tranquil immortality—a glorious pasturage traversed by never-ceasing crystal streams of water—in the regions of the blessed, as a reward for services and a compensation for days, weeks, nay, years of agony, surely it must be the horse. The doctrine of immortality is deeply mingled with that of future retribution. The eloquent Ruskin asks:—

"Can any man entirely account for all that happens to a cab-horse? Has he ever looked fairly at the fate of one of these beasts as it is dying? measured the work it has done, and the reward it has got? put his hands upon the bloody wounds through which its bones are piercing, and so looked up to Heaven with an entire understanding of Heaven's ways about the horse? Yet the horse is a fact, no dream, no revelation among the myrtle-trees by night; and the dust it lies upon and the dogs that eat it are facts; and yonder happy person, whose the horse was until its knees were broken over the hurdles, who had an immortal soul to begin with, and peace and wealth to help forward his immortality, * * * this happy person shall have no stripes, shall have only the horse's fate of annihilation.—*Animal World.*

TWO ANGELS.

"There are two angels, that attend unseen
Each one of us, and in great books record
Our good and evil deeds. He who writes down
The good ones, after every action, closes
His volume, and ascends with it to God,
The other keeps his dreadful day-book open
Till sunset, that we may repent; which doing,
The record of the action fades away,
And leaves a line of white across the page."

A FLOWER.—The image which a flower casts upon a sensitive plate is simply its own self-form; but cast upon a more sensitive human soul, it leaves there not mere form, but feeling, excitement, suggestion. God gave it power to do that, or it would not have done it.—BEECHER.

WHAT TO TEACH YOUR CHILDREN.

From the Animal World.

Every observer of children must, I think, have noticed that much cruelty is committed by them from the merest thoughtlessness. It would be perhaps not easy to define very philosophically, or with anything like psychological accuracy, how it is that children so often act with cruelty to the world of life around them. The poor crushed fly, the wretched pelted kitten, the tortured cockchafer—all rise familiarly enough to our memories as instances of this unthinking wantonness, this early and miserable misuse of our mysteriously-given lordship over the creatures around us. These things, however (account for them as we may), most certainly exist, and most certainly lead onward to cruelty more or less deliberate in after life. Wantonness in the child, if unchecked, is sure to deepen into cruelty, or, at any rate, indifference to it, in the youth and the man.

If this is true, however, on the one hand, it is as certainly true on the other that few things can be taught more easily or learnt more readily than tenderness and mercy to the animal world, if the teaching begins early enough and is conducted in the right way. Give a child a little insight into the habits and characteristics of some of the members of that varied though lowly domain of creation which is most immediately at the mercy of childish cruelty,—bring out the conception of each poor fluttering or crawling thing being an individual, and having its own individual sufferings, and often showing its own pity-moving apprehensions,—and children, even at a very early age, will show in return an interested tenderness, and consistently maintain it as they grow up.
Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol.

THE TREE, THE BIRD AND THE CHILD.

BY ELIZUR WRIGHT.

These are a trinity. Neither can fairly be said to exist without the other two; for what is a tree without a child, but a god without a worshipper? The bird is the guardian angel of the tree. The tree with its myriads of leaves absorbs into its own substance a host of deadly poisons from the air the child is to breathe. Given no trees, children could not exist. If men and women could, it would be without any childhood worth speaking of. We have a noted gray-haired child among us who, from the bottom of his blessed heart, pours out this truth thus:—

"The green trees whispered low and mild;
It was a sound of joy!
They were my playmates when a child,
And rocked me in their arms so wild;
Still they looked at me and smiled
As if I were a boy:
And ever whispered mild and low,
'Come, be a child once more!'
And waved their long arms to and fro,
And beckoned solemnly and slow,—
Oh! I could not choose but go
Into the woodlands hoar:
Into the blithe and breathing air;
Into the solemn wood,
Solemn and silent everywhere!
Nature with folded hands seemed there,
Kneeling at her evening prayer;
Like one in prayer I stood."

Any Boston child may, in twenty or thirty minutes, be placed in a wood whispering as lovingly and as solemnly as that which inspired Longfellow. Yet, unless some of us gray and bald-headed men do our duty, there are thousands of Boston, and Charlestown, and Cambridge, and Chelsea children who will never see such a wood till they are so hardened by other influences that they will think and call it sport to kill the few birds that are left to warble in its branches. By the grace of a city shooting gallery, in spite of city schools, and churches, and societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals, they will then, in their highly narcotized manhood, draw down upon their heads the malediction of another tuneful child, which runs thus:—

"Inhuman man! curse on thy barbarous art,
And blasted be thy murder-aiming eye;
May never pity soothe thee with a sigh,
Nor ever pleasure glad thy cruel heart!"

—Advertiser.

"BEHOLD the fowls of the air, for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns, yet your Heavenly Father feedeth them."

THE BIRD OF PARADISE.

In a late number of Harper's Magazine this bird is described as nearly as large as a crow, and of a rich coffee-brown color. The head and neck are of a pure straw-yellow above, and rich metallic-green beneath. The long plumy tufts of golden orange feathers spring from the sides beneath each wing, and when the bird is at repose it is partially concealed by them. At the time of its excitement, however, the wings are raised vertically over the back, the head is bent down and stretched out, and the long plumes are raised up and expanded until they form two magnificent golden fans, striped with deep red at the base, and fading off into the pale brown tint of the finely divided and softly waving points. The whole bird is then overshadowed by them, the crouching body, yellow head and emerald-green throat forming but the foundation and setting to the golden glory which waves above. When seen in this attitude the Bird of Paradise really deserves its name, and must be ranked as one of the most beautiful and most wonderful of living things.

A dozen or twenty of the full-plumaged male birds frequently assemble on some wide-spreading tree, and hold what the natives term dancing parties, hopping about from limb to limb in the wildest excitement. This habit enables the natives to obtain specimens with the greatest ease. As soon as they find that the birds have fixed upon a tree upon which to assemble, they build a little shelter of palm leaves in a convenient place among the branches, and the hunter ensconces himself in it before daylight, armed with his bow and a number of arrows terminating in a round knob. A boy waits at the foot of the tree, and when the birds come at sunrise, and a sufficient number have assembled and have begun to dance, the hunter shoots with his blunt arrow so strongly as to stun the bird, which drops down and is secured and killed by the boy without its plumage being injured by a drop of blood. The rest take no notice, and fall one after another until some of them take the alarm.

The Monkey and the Hawk.

The cook of a French nobleman had a monkey which was so intelligent that by severe training it was taught to perform certain useful services, such as plucking fowls, at which it was uncommonly expert. One fine morning a pair of partridges was given it to pluck. The monkey took them to an open window of the kitchen, and went to work with great diligence. He soon finished one, which he laid on the outer ledge of the window, and then went quietly on with the other. A hawk that had been watching his proceedings from a neighboring tree darted down upon the plucked partridge, and in a minute was up in the tree again, greedily devouring his prey. The monkey hopped about in great distress for some minutes, when suddenly a bright thought struck him. Seizing the remaining partridge, he went to work with great energy and stripped off the feathers. He then laid it on the ledge, just where he had placed the other, and closing one of the shutters, concealed himself behind it. The hawk, who by this time, had finished his meal, very soon swooped down upon the partridge, but hardly had his claws touched the bird when the monkey sprang upon him from behind the shutter. The hawk's neck was instantly wrung, and the monkey, with a triumphant chuckle, proceeded to strip off the feathers. This done, he carried the two plucked fowls to his master, with a confident and self-satisfied air which seemed to say:—"Here are two birds sir, — just what you gave me." What the cook said on finding one of the partridges converted into a hawk is more than we are able to tell.

THE SWALLOWS AND THE HERMIT.—Saint Guthlac once received a visit from one of his friends, named Wilfrid. Suddenly, two swallows flew into his cell and alighted on his shoulders, beating their long wings, and twittering softly. "Brother," said Wilfrid, "how have you made these birds, which love freedom so well, feel such confidence in you?" "Do you not know," answered the hermit, "that whoever is one with God through purity of heart, sees all created things grow one with him?"

M. BOURGUIN.

NONE ARE FREE.

Let us speak of a man as we find him,
And censure alone what we see;
And should a man blame, let's remind him,
That from faults we are none of us free.
If the veil from the heart could be torn,
And the mind could be read on the brow,
There are many we'd pass by with scorn,
Whom we're loading with high honors now.

Let us speak of a man as we find him,
And heed not what others may say;
If he's frail, then a kind word would bind him,
Where coldness would turn him away;
For the heart must be barren, indeed,
Where no bud of repentance can bloom:
Then pause ere you censure with speed—
On a frown or a smile hangs his doom.

SUNSHINE.

Over our hearts and into our lives
Shadows will sometimes fall:
But the sunshine is never wholly dead,
And heaven is shadowless overhead,
And God is over all.

Ladies' Repository.

THE SILENT CONFLICT.—A triumph in the field is a theme for poetry, for painting, for history, for all the agencies whose united tribute constitute fame; but there are victories won by men over themselves, more truly honorable to the conquerors than any that can be achieved in war. Of these silent successes we never hear. The battles in which they are obtained, are fought in solitude, and without help, save from above. The conflict is sometimes waged in the still watches of the night, and the struggle is often fearful. Honor to every conqueror in such a warfare!

GRATITUDE.

It is:
"The music of heaven in the soul."
"One of the fairest and most useful flowers in the garden of the soul."
"An assemblage of graces—the gathered honey of the choicest flowers."
"A mirror of the soul, reflecting the image of its several benefits."
"A bright rainbow in our spiritual atmosphere, displaying the various colors of the rays that call it into being."
"Like the orange tree dropping its golden fruit upon the earth whence it derives its nutriment."
"Like the verdant willow bending gracefully its boughs to kiss the waters that refresh its roots."
"Like a tidal wave returning all its gatherings to the ocean whence it flowed."
"Like a sunbeam sparkling on the waters, and then darting by reflection heavenward."
"Like an infant with its joyous countenance smiling back its mother's love."
"An awakened echo in the heart, responding to the voice of its gracious benefactor."
"The vibration of the soul's harpstring under the soft touch of God's realized benevolence."

N. Y. Watchman.

PETE'S CONTROL OVER DOGS.—It was curious to see Pete's superiority to Hiram in the matter of dogs. In several wagons lay the master's dog, and Hiram was not permitted to approach without dispute; but there was not a dog, big or little, cross or affectionate, that did not own the mysterious power that Pete had over animals. Even dogs in whom a sound conscience was bottomed on an ugly temper, practised a surly submission to Pete's familiarity.—Norwood.

Errors like straws upon the surface flow;
He who would search for pearls must dive below.

Dryden.

A STATEMENT THAT IS, AND IS NOT, A "FISH STORY."

To the Editor of The Boston Journal:

A lady residing in Cambridge, well known for her extreme humanity to everything that "cannot speak for itself," has for pets three fine gold-fish which she has cared for for about six years. A few weeks since a friend presented her with another one, much more beautiful to look at, but deficient in good manners, for it very soon commenced to bite the other ones, and soon afterward the largest one jumped out of the globe on to the floor severely bitten; but, as it was witnessed, was immediately returned, and in a day or two the handsome, but "colored fish," was placed in a separate globe; but the old resident had found he could jump, so tried again, as was proved by the lady finding it, when she came down in the morning, on the carpet, apparently dead. She took it up, and finding it dry, laid it down and left it, feeling sad that the fish had not died naturally, but great was her astonishment a half hour afterward when taking it up to show a member of the family, to notice slight pulsations indicative of life. She directly placed it in its natural element where it lay perhaps an hour very slightly gasping, while the two other fishes were seemingly in sympathy with it, gliding smoothly above and around it, every little while moving it along on the bottom of the globe; and after some little time one of them glided up, placed its mouth close to the mouth of the sufferer, and there, quietly, as a fond mother would if she could give her breath to keep life in the child of her heart and her love, so the fish breathed of its life and vitality to the relief and evident benefit of the other for full six minutes. This was closely observed, and after a time the piscatorial companions and friends in grief had the gratification of seeing the fish right itself and it is now doing well, although somewhat injured from its "flight in the air." Who shall say there is not an instinct that leads all living things to know the right? And human beings in witnessing even a little incident like this must be forcibly impelled to "love the things that God created." WONDER.

"FISH STORY" SEQUEL.

To the Editor of The Boston Journal:

It may not be uninteresting to those of your readers who noticed the statement in yesterday evening's Journal, to learn that the small fish who breathed in the morning seemingly for the assistance of the injured gold fish, continued throughout the day, at short intervals, in its sympathetic breathing; and in the evening, the forfeit for so much attention was its life, as if in sacrifice from having exhausted its strength that the other might live, which it does, and is lively, but utterly bereft of its scales on one side. WONDER.

TWO "GENTLEMEN" were lately summoned before a police court in Barmen, Germany, one being charged with having bitten off the end of a cat's tail, and the other with holding pussy during the operation. It seems that the first defendant had performed the feat to gain a wager that he would bite off a part of a cat's tail. The defence was that a curtailment of the appendage would not only not injure the cat, but would add to her comfort and convenience. A veterinary surgeon was brought in to testify to the same opinion, but both the defendants were fined, there being no recommendation in any scientific work that cats' tails be abbreviated, especially by the surgical application of human teeth.

Dog and Wig.

A son of Thespis had a wig which generally hung on a peg in his chamber. He lent the wig to a brother player, and some time after called upon him accompanied, by his dog, when his friend happened to be wearing the borrowed wig. The player, after a little time, took his leave, but his dog remained behind, leaped on the man's shoulders, seized the wig, and ran off with it. When he reached home, he endeavored, by jumping, to hang it up in its usual place.

CHARITY both gives and forgives.

HOW TO SELECT A GOOD DRIVER.

Translated from the French of A. ARNOULT, for Our Dumb Animals.

M. Martin (who had charge of a large number of post-horses,) took good care of his men, but did not take them into his employment until he had carefully studied their characters. It was not enough that they could show good certificates; they must have a physique which would suit his horses: he would not have them ridden by men who were too heavy, or too tall. He wished to know their habits among horses, and in the examination which they underwent, he employed all imaginable means to discover their secret sentiments in regard to the animal world.

"Well, my man," he would say, "if a horse is baulky ought we not to thrash him soundly? when he stumbles on uneven ground, or falls, or trips, is it not best to give him a few good cuts of the whip to show him that he must pay attention, and not do so again?"

"Certainly, sir," replies the candidate, "a horse may even be made to do impossible things by the use of a whip."

Then the master would answer: "If this noble animal is made to perform impossibilities, he kills himself; how many teamsters, think you, would have the courage to do this for their masters? When a horse baulks, he may be made to understand that he is wrong by encouragement, by gentleness, or by simply calling his name, for he almost always is more attentive, and has more sense and less to distract his attention, than his driver. He always desires to do his best. When a horse stumbles, or falls down, it is often his driver's fault; but if not, why should he be beaten? Do you think he falls down on purpose? Do you think he has no interest in not falling down? Do you think he lets himself fall for the pleasure of having his legs or his back broken by a weight many times his own, which threatens at every step to crush him?"

The candidate, completely nonplussed, says nothing more, but takes his hat, bows to M. Martin and the rest of the company, and retires, perhaps muttering to himself, "Nevertheless, if that's the case, what is the use of a whip?"

UNHAPPINESS is necessary that we may feel happiness, just as it is only out of the shadow that we perceive the light.

The Blind Beggar's Dog.

A blind beggar used to be led through the streets of Rome by a middle-sized dog. This dog, besides leading his master in such a manner as to protect him from all danger, learned to distinguish not only the streets, but also the houses where his master was accustomed to receive alms. Whenever the animal came to any of the streets with which he was well acquainted, he would not leave it till a call had been made at every house where his master was accustomed to be successful in his petitions.

When the beggar began to ask alms, the dog being wearied lay down to rest. But the master was no sooner served or refused, than the dog spontaneously, and without any word or sign from his master, rose and proceeded to the other houses where the beggar was accustomed to receive some gratuity. When a half-penny was thrown from a window, such was the sagacity and attention of the dog, that he went about in quest of it, lifted it from the ground with his mouth, and put it into his master's hat. Even when bread was thrown down, the animal would not taste it unless he received a portion of it from his master's hand.—*Philosophy of Natural History.*

HUMANITY may grow into a heavy duty, but then only can we see whether it is really exercised as a sacrifice and not merely as a pleasure.

The quality of mercy is not strained;
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath; it is twice blessed;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes.

We should so live and act that the generous impulses of our hearts would prompt us to extend the hand of fellowship to all our neighbors, and, looking them squarely in the eye, feel that glorious inward consciousness that we had never wronged them in thought, word or deed.

DO THE DUTY THAT LIETH NEAREST THY HAND.

Do the duty that lieth nearest thy hand,

And seek not thy mission o'er all the wide land.

Thy field lies before thee, around thee, and thine

Is the hand that should open that field's precious mine—

Whether country or city, green fields or grand hall,

Shall claim thee, that claim is thy mission's loud call.

O, would I could tell thee, in words that should burn,

Of chances now lost that will never return,

And lost while thou'rt searching, with sad, anxious mind,

In some distant vineyard thy lifework to find.

Do the duty that lieth the nearest thy hand—

'Tis the faithful in little that much shall command.

Where now thou'rt abiding, seek work for the Lord,

While thy heart and thy hands move in cheerful accord;

Give the kind word that's needed, the smile that will cheer,

And a hand to relieve the tired laborer, near.

In the mart, in the field, in the dearer home band,

Do the duty that lieth the nearest thy hand.

LONGING.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Of all the myriad moods of mind

That through the soul come thronging,

Which one was e'er so dear, so kind,

So beautiful, as longing?

The thing we long for that we are,

For one transcendent moment,

Before the present, poor and bare,

Can make its sneering comment.

Still, through our paltry stir and strife,

Grows down our wished ideal;

And longing moulds in clay what life

Carves in the marble real;

To let the new life in we know

Desire must ope the portal;

Perhaps the longing to be so

Helps make the soul immortal.

Longing is God's fresh heavenward will,

With our poor earthward striving;

We quench it that we may be still

Content with merely living;

But, would we learn the heart's full scope,

Which we are hourly wronging,

Our lives must climb from hope to hope,

And realize our longing.

Ah! let us hope that to our praise

Good God not only reckons

The moments when we tread his ways,

But when the spirit beckons;

That some slight good is also wrought

Beyond self-satisfaction,

When we are simply good in thought,

Howe'er we fail in action.

It costs a good deal to be wise, but it don't cost anything to be happy.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

HYDROPHOBIA.

Dogs have hydrophobia in Canada during the very severe winters, when there is no possible access to water. During one such season of uncommon severity, the malady was frightfully common. It is developed idiosyncratically by the long-continued and intense fever of thirst.

The thoughtful provisions made by our city authorities have now been discontinued, and these devoted friends must look to other sources for water.

A dog will drink from four to ten times a day if he has a good opportunity. And yet in how few houses, where dogs are kept, do we find any provision for this most frequent and urgent need. Thousands of these faithful creatures die of a wasting fever produced by thirst. If they could tell us the story of their sufferings from this cause alone, it would touch our hearts.

If dogs trouble your sheep, kill them; if you are afraid they will bite you, kill them; if you think they increase too rapidly, and eat too much, kill them; kill them for any of twenty reasons, but while they are allowed to live, give them water.

For myself, I would preserve all good dogs. A good dog is a perpetual baby, the object and source of the best sentiments. I could not spare them from my recollections; I could not part with their constant and beautiful companionship; but as others have different feelings, I would not interpose to save their lives, but I would plead with all to give them, while they are allowed to live, that which alone can save them from the tortures of thirst. Yours truly,

DIO LEWIS.

[The existence of hydrophobia as a common malady is disputed by eminent authorities. (See our paper of June last.) But we agree with our correspondent, that dogs are entitled to plenty of pure water. We have endeavored to persuade our Water Board to reopen our street fountains, not only for dogs, but for men and horses. But they decline, for fear of damages from persons slipping on the ice, which, they say, gathers about the fountains in winter. We think the risk would be very small in the mild weather we have thus far had. We regret their decision exceedingly. ED.]

THE MOUSE AND CANARY.

A lady, having gone rather early into an apartment in which she had a fine canary, whose cage hung on the knob of the window shutter, was much surprised to find the bird sitting asleep in the bottom of the cage, side by side with a live mouse, also asleep. On raising the window-blind, the mouse squeezed itself through between the wires of the cage and fled. The box of seed, crumbs, &c., intended for the canary, was found to be cleaned out, doubtless devoured by his strange companion. On the following evening, while the lady and her husband were sitting quietly by the fire-side, they were still further astonished at seeing a mouse (no doubt the same one) climbing nimbly up the shutter and entering the cage between the wires. Thinking it might do harm to the bird they tried to catch the mouse but it made its escape as before. The cage was then suspended from a nail, so that the mouse could not gain access. Strange to say, however, on the following morning the canary was found asleep on the floor of the room, (the cage-door having been left open,) and a piece of potato beside him. Most likely the mouse had spent the whole of the night there.—*Christian Register.*

FOUR IMPOSSIBLE THINGS.—First, to escape trouble by running away from duty. Second, to become a Christian of strength and maturity without undergoing severe trials. Third, to form an independent character except when thrown upon your own resources. Fourth, to be a growing man when you look to your post for influence, instead of bringing influence to your post.

Our Dumb Animals.

Boston, January 4, 1870.

MR. ANGELL'S LETTERS.

We give this month a special letter with a retrospect and prospect, and shall next month publish his general letter from Paris.

Mr. A. makes an earnest appeal to American women, showing them an opportunity and a duty, which we trust they will embrace and perform.

THE "ANIMAL WORLD" for November has been received. Our paper had been made up before this number came into our hands, else we would make extracts from it, as we shall do hereafter.

TYING CALVES.—In a recent prosecution, by one of our agents, for tying calves, the jury acquitted the defendant, as they *could not see any cruelty* in carting the poor animals ten miles in this manner and allowing them to remain tied another hour after their arrival at their destination. But good has grown out of the prosecution. People in that vicinity now usually bring their calves in racks, which accomplishes our purposes. We are not so anxious to "fine" men as to instruct and reform them, and we are willing to admit that as much cruelty to animals grows out of ignorance as brutality.

THE VERMONT LEGISLATURE failed to pass the bill for prevention of cruelty to animals, it being vigorously opposed by the Superintendent of the Rutland and Burlington Railroad.

Friends of animals draw their own inferences as to the motive for the opposition. We trust our friends in Vermont will see to it that what law they now have is enforced.

BETTER ROADS.—In our last we published a Resolve of our legislature authorizing the Board of Agriculture to offer a premium for better roads.

The Board have just issued a circular offering \$200, \$125 and \$75 for the three treatises best entitled to the premium. Treatises to be sent to Chas. L. Flint, Secretary of Board of Agriculture, Boston, on or before January 28th, 1870.

We earnestly commend the matter to the attention of all friends of animals.

OLD BARN.

This is a time for our country agents to look to the condition of barns where the snow blows in upon cattle, where there is no suitable floor, and where from deficiency of care, the cattle suffer generally.

BEQUESTS.

Do not be startled, reader, we are not about to announce a remembrance of our Society, of this character, but we republish a form, in order that the matter may be kept before people disposed to help in this way.

CONVENIENT FORM OF BEQUEST.

I give and bequeath the sum of
to the Treasurer for the time being, of a Society called
or known by the name of THE MASSACHUSETTS
SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO
ANIMALS, established 1868; to be at the disposal of
the Board of Government for the time being, of said
Society.

HOW TO DO IT.

One of our correspondents writes:—"It will take some time to educate our farmers up to the idea of what constitutes cruelty. Formerly the whipping-post and pillory were used to torment human beings, and insane people were confined in iron cages, fit only for wild beasts. But here in the good old Bay State such a public sentiment does not now exist. And yet, not long since I saw a driver, sitting on the box of his cart, severely lashing his horses because they could not draw their heavy load up a steep, hard piece of road, with stones obstructing the wheels. When I spoke decidedly to him, and called his attention to the obstructions, he immediately got down, cleared the wheels, took a new tack and the load was drawn out. Several men stood by, but no one, except the writer, said a word or offered to lift at the wheel. It is my habit to 'keep an eye out' on those who have to do with dumb animals, and I am happy to say that your Society has a good many friends in our county."

WHAT ENGLISH CLERGYMEN DO.

From the Animal World.

There is something peculiarly pleasing in the announcement that an entire congregation will meet in the house of prayer to offer thanks for an abundant harvest, and to testify at the same time their sincerity by an offering for the protection of animals, without whose assistance the harvest could not be well accomplished. It is not a pleasing spectacle only, but it is probably the best season for impressing minds with a sense of the claims of animals. "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth on the corn" is enjoined, and on such an occasion may be enforced; and every contribution placed in the hands of the clergyman, at the close of such service, for the protection of animals, will actually tend to unmuzzle the ox, and hence to a fulfilment of the law of mercy and justice. The following letter needs no comment, but it commands our most cordial thanks, and will, we trust, suggest to many clergymen the injunction of the Teacher of mercy, "Go thou and do likewise":—

EXNING VICARAGE, NEAR NEWMARKET,
SEPT. 20th, 1869.

Dear Sir,—The sermon for your Society was preached yesterday. The collection amounted to £5 1s. 8d. This will be remitted you by crossed cheque to-morrow or Wednesday. You will be amused by my telling you that many assured me "the Society was quite new to them"; they "were not aware that there was such a society," or that "it had such noble aims."

I have grave doubts whether you have ever had a sermon in this district or within fifty miles of it. The church was well filled, and my earnest prayer is that by-and-by a legacy or a life donation to the Society may be one of its fruits. Very truly yours,

ERSKINE NEALE.

JOHN COLAM, Esq.

[We shall be glad to publish a similar letter from several American clergymen, based upon similar action, or to learn that the cause we advocate has been introduced in any form into the pulpits on this side of the Atlantic.—Ed.]

POOR FEED.

How often it happens that farmers and stock owners in winter feed meadow hay, and too little even of that, to their cattle, barely keeping them alive, upon the plea that "they are earning nothing."

We hope such cases will be reported to us or our agents, that we may apply a remedy. It proves more expensive to the defendants than to buy good hay.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

PROGRESS—MORE NEEDED.

We consider this paper as a mark of the progressive spirit of the times. A few years ago, we drew up a petition to the legislature of Massachusetts, praying that some law might be enacted for the amelioration of the condition of horses. This petition was offered to the women of Boston and vicinity for signatures. Some hesitated about the propriety of such an unfeminine measure, and refused to sign; some would ask their husbands, and others saw no need of getting up a petition. However, about one hundred names were obtained and the petition was presented, but was of no avail. The great change which has taken place in public sentiment, leads us to hope for a reform in the treatment of car-horses. Cannot some arrangement be made to prevent the overloading of horse-cars? How often, particularly at the hours when business men go to and from their homes, and in stormy weather, do we see the cars actually crammed with people, and the horses straining every muscle to draw their unreasonable load!

A FRIEND TO ANIMALS.

[Our correspondent adds a suggestion that dummy-engines be placed at steep grades. But extra horses would do the work better and at less expense. Ed.]

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

NOTE FROM A NEW YORK LADY.—As I am greatly interested in any measures which will tend to the promotion of kindness and humanity to all of the dumb creation, and as it has been one of the aims of my life to induce all about me to treat with kindness and gentleness all creatures "who cannot speak for themselves," I would be gratified if I might be allowed to become a member of the "Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," as well as of the one we have here in New York. I therefore enclose a check for \$50, to constitute me an Associate Life Member.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

QUAKERS AND THE CHECK REIN.—A Quaker farmer, in the State of New York, who is one of your subscribers, writes to me: "I take great satisfaction in that little paper, 'Our Dumb Animals.' It is doing a good work, and one that was much needed. Years ago, I used to expostulate with some of our strict Friends, who would not for any consideration have consented to wear an extra button on the hip of their coats, about the cruelty of torturing their horses by use of the check-rein. I little thought then that my feeble efforts would be sustained by some of the very best people in the land. It is truly encouraging, and I scarcely know how to express my gratitude." L. M. C.

HORSE RAILROADS.

The following petition is circulating in Philadelphia, and receiving many signatures:—

To the Honorable the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in General Assembly met:

The petition of the undersigned, citizens of Philadelphia, respectfully sheweth, that whereas the overcrowding of the cars on the city railroads, is a cause of great discomfort and inconvenience to passengers and a source of extreme cruelty and suffering to the horses engaged in drawing the same; and whereas, in all well governed countries elsewhere, the number of passengers to be carried in public vehicles is regulated by law, therefore your petitioners humbly pray that your honorable bodies will enact a law limiting the number of persons to be carried in said cars to fifteen (15) adults for each horse or mule attached to the same, and that a commodious seat shall be provided for each passenger. And your petitioners will ever pray, etc., etc.

THE insect, as well as the man that treads upon it, has an office to perform.

Mr. Ingell's Letters.

A SPECIAL LETTER.

THANKSGIVING FOR THE PAST, HOPES FOR THE FUTURE.

PARIS, November 18, 1869.

DEAR FAY:—It is Thanksgiving at home to-day, and you more than three thousand miles west of me, with your happy family and friends about you, and I in my lonely chamber in Paris, are, perhaps, at the same moment thinking over the mercies of the year. How much you and I have to be grateful for personally, and in the success of the work in which we have a common interest.

I remember how we have obtained in Massachusetts a law for the protection of animals far in advance of all others, and which is likely to become, in substance, the law of our whole country, and not unlikely of Great Britain, and possibly of Europe and the whole civilized world. I remember the hundreds of thousands of copies of our little paper that we have sent out as missionaries, and how its articles, and others springing from them, have been published in millions of copies of other publications elsewhere. I remember the aid we have received from our writers, speakers and men of influence and in authority, and the almost omnipotent press, and how we have thus been able to sweep away whole systems of cruelty in our own State, and pass laws and found societies in others. And then my mind comes across the ocean, and I see the mother of all our societies, with her great names and prestige and possibilities, waking to new life, and issuing a monthly publication rich with genius, adorned by art, and welcomed by nearly or quite the whole press of Great Britain, and which is not only to be placed in the schools and elsewhere at home, but also to be spread over Europe, to rouse the societies of the continent, and hasten the dawning of a higher civilization. And just behind that, I think I see the coming of that "Ladies' Humane Education Society," which is to enlist the noblest and best women of England, than whom there are no nobler or better in the world. And I count over its possibilities—how it may petition its own and other European governments; how it may distribute through the schools of its own, and possibly other countries, the gems of humane literature; how it may hang up pictures in school-rooms, and furnish libraries with books; how it may organize its "Legion of Honor," and confer its cross or decoration on the illustrious humane. Surely if the lower intelligences could know the work done the past year in their behalf, this day would be filled with their thanksgiving; and surely we ought to have hearts full of gratitude.

And now for the future. What can we accomplish in the coming year? Many things, I hope; but none more important than to encourage the formation of societies of humane women to aid our work. The excellent report of Mrs. White, president of the Pennsylvania society, published in our November number, shows what has been done there, and may be done elsewhere. There can be no question as to the power of such associations. What they did in our war, both at home and in the hospitals, amidst disease and wounds, and over the beds of dying soldiers, has put that question forever at rest. And there can be no doubt that the same organized effort, employed with the same earnestness, in creating a great public sentiment on questions of humanity, would make deeds of cruelty rare, and wars almost impossible. Shall not woman, then, occupy this field of usefulness? Is it not her right, her interest—*nay, more, her duty*? Has any one more at stake in the education of children, in the security of life and property, in the prevention of crimes, of violence, or in the prevention of war? We mourn for those who die on battle-fields, but there are worse things than dying. It may not always be so hard for the soldier who marches with his comrades to the sound of military music into battle, and by one thrust of a bayonet, or stroke of a cannon-

ball, passes beyond pain. But how is it with the poor mother or wife at home, who, in silence and solitude, and it may be poverty, must drag through twenty, forty or even fifty years of keenest sorrow? Let the bleeding hearts of millions in our country, North and South, answer the question. The humane education of the people is woman's field—woman's mission. In it lies her safety, her elevation, and her highest earthly good. At the fireside, in the schools, with tongue and pen, by petitions to parliaments and legislatures and congresses—*nay, at the ballot-box, if she will*—it is her province and prerogative to speak and act upon questions which affect her highest welfare, and the welfare of those for whom she would sacrifice her own. I believe firmly that we must rely upon women in this work. They will put soul into it—will make men form societies where there are none, and keep those already formed from growing rusty, and above all, will mould public opinion. Earnest women can neither be frightened, defied or laughed down. What they advocate is bound to succeed, and the sooner they begin, both in Europe and America, the better it will be both for animals and men.

G. T. A.

LETTER FROM SOUTH AMERICA.

RIO DE JANEIRO, Nov. 25, 1869.

Dear Editor:—You should start here in Brazil a society for the prevention of cruelty to men, and in its administration include the women also.

At Para, Pernambuco and Bahia, human beings do the work that is always assigned to horses and mules, while the few animals that are seen in the streets of those cities, have as little consideration, as do the poor overladen creatures who totter under their heavy burdens. In Bahia there are no teams. The city is divided into the upper and lower town, and so steep is the ascent, that only palanquins or sedan chairs can be used, and these are suspended from poles which rest upon the shoulders of the carriers. Mules, even, are rarely seen upon this almost perpendicular street, except when some Don with his fine equipage chooses this manner of transportation rather than that of being carried by his slaves.

In the lower city the transportation of merchandise is done exclusively by men. These negroes of both sexes are of immense stature and strength, giants in their way, and are the finest specimens of physical development in form and muscle to be found on the continent. Pipes of wine, the heaviest packages of English and French goods, bales of cotton, hogheads of sugar and metals of all descriptions are borne upon the shoulders of these men, whose method of transportation is as follows: Two long rosewood poles are used, of a weight sufficient of themselves for one man to handle, from which is suspended by ropes the package that is to be moved. The poles are raised to the shoulders of the gang which varies in number from four to ten according to the weight to be carried. They then stagger forward with a sharp cry of *sail*, wild notes, which is jerked out at every step as they totter forward with their burden, a song started by their leader and responded to by each in his turn and in his own key, a music of discord which is heard all over the town. Some men are seen walking alone with a barrel of pork, the sharp chine resting upon the bare shoulder, the weight sufficient to cut the flesh to the bone of an ordinary person, while others, the coffee carriers move in companies, upon the run, with one hundred and sixty pounds upon their heads, balanced and firmly poised, as they deliver their charge.

In Pernambuco there was less of this human tension, although enough of it to call for commiseration for the poor flesh which has to bear such burdens. Here donkeys are brought into the arena of work and compelled to do their share, but under such a disadvantage that one may well feel that these Brazilians are far behind the age in all the economies of a better civilization.

Saddles of straw, knit into a thick, heavy bundle, shaped to the back, of a bulk sufficient of itself for a mule to carry, are tied to the animal, from which are suspended heavy rods so arranged as to admit the load which is placed between them and the sides of the beast. And these loads are often fearful. In

size they are frequently of more bulk than the animal himself, and often so cover him that his legs only are visible, apparently a mass of animated merchandise. I did not see that they were treated cruelly in the form of beating, or being cut or pricked with spurs, for the native Brazilian takes no note of time and is never in a hurry. But with the characteristic indolence of his race and his carelessness of value, his animals are shamefully underfed and over-worked, and almost universally are only moving skeletons. The poor beasts do not seem to have ambition enough to be *mulish* or spirit enough to do anything but their master's bidding.

SLAUGHTER-HOUSES.

I visited the slaughter-house at Para, a fine government institution, admirably conducted. The ox is placed in a pen, with his head confined at the moment of killing between two horizontal bars, and a knife is plunged into the neck, which is generally so sure a thrust as to save any necessity for another. At Rio Janeiro the abattoir is a horrible place, a cruel place, too revolting to describe. The business is done as if to see how much that is sickening can be concentrated into a certain number of square yards. About one hundred and sixty cattle a day are killed here.

PARROTS AND MONKEYS.

In the markets of Para are offered birds of all descriptions and of the most brilliant plumage, and every house has its parrot. They are domesticated, trained to chatter, and are as common as the cats at home. Monkeys too are brought from the Amazon, and are offered freely for sale, chained to their cages with length of rope hardly sufficient for them to turn. They are often playful, and it is amusing to watch their pranks of intelligence after they have been trained. Both birds and monkeys are trapped by Indians in the interior, who sell them for a song at Para, and they are shipped thence to all parts of the empire.

RIO.

Rio Janeiro is a city of 400,000 inhabitants. In the tone and life of the people, except from the large proportion of negroes, one would not notice any difference between this and any large European city. In many things it resembles Paris. Its shops are imitations of the brilliant Palais Royal. But in its architecture, its great red-tiled roofs, its unique and picturesque streets, and the panorama which is constantly unrolled through the day,—it stands alone, without a rival among all these unique tropical cities.

Here the horses and mules appear to be well cared for. The omnibus, a lumbering vehicle, holds eight persons inside and eight outside, three mules are harnessed to two poles, and over the smoothly paved streets the teams roll merrily. The tilbury is a vehicle somewhat in the form of a heavy chaise, and for convenience take the place of the Hansom cab of London. They run everywhere and are numbered by hundreds. The harnesses are very elaborate and heavy. Ten times the amount of leather is put into them that is necessary. In this climate the comfort of the animal would seem to demand the lightest possible harness, but they suffer and swelter under their load of saddle, collar, breast-plate and breeching. The people sadly need our better civilization. But the enlightened government of Don Pedro II, his progressive ideas, his energy of reform in all departments of society, and his personal interest in education, will tell in time upon the future of this people.

W. H. R.

REST.

O heart, sore tried! thou hast the best
That heaven itself could give thee—rest—
Rest from all bitter thoughts and things!
How many a poor one's blessing went
With thee beneath the low green tent
Whose curtain never outward swings!

Whittier.

The sweetest cordial we receive at last,
Is consciousness of virtuous actions past.

Dryden.

Children's Department.

The Four-Footed Groom.

The children had to wait at a little station some time, and looking out of the window of the car, on the side opposite to the station, they saw a horse, bridled, being led by a beautiful dog across a field, with ditches, and along a lane that seemed to lead from the village.

"You are surprised, young folks," said a gentleman in the train, "at my having a four-footed groom."

"Oh, was that your horse, sir?" said Jack, and they all four looked at him with eager eyes.

"Yes; and that's my four-footed groom! Did you never see him before? Why, he's noted along this line, I never bring any other groom with me to the station. And he always takes my horse safely back again. He's two miles to go."

The children expressed their surprise and interest, and the gentleman continued:

"I have a great opinion of dogs; always had. I think a dog may be trained to anything, if you can only get hold of his affections: so when I heard of Dr. Smith, of Dublin, and his four-footed groom, I determined to try the plan, for I had a good horse—worth forty guineas—ruined by a thoughtless groom riding him only between this station and my own gate.

"Dr. Smith was a physician practising in Dublin, and not choosing to take a groom with him when he went his daily rounds to visit his patients, did what was far better, trained a large Newfoundland dog (between which and his horse there was a great affection,) to take charge of him as he went from house to house. He seldom mounted his horse when on his rounds, but just gave a hint to the dog what next patient he was going to, and the dog brought him up as punctually as a human being could have done. Besides this, he used to take him to water, and having to leap a stream in so doing, the two generally performed it together, like a perfect bit of music.

"One day, however, by some mischance, the poor fellow lost the reins as they were about to take the leap. This would have looked like a sad blunder had not the good horse, as if wishful to save the credit of the dog, turned back, after going a few paces on the other side of the stream, to give him the opportunity of regaining the reins. Thus the two came back in regular order, and nobody would have been the wiser had not some one seen the occurrence and reported it.

"Mind you, God will call us to account for the way in which we treat animals; and more than that, for what we make of them."

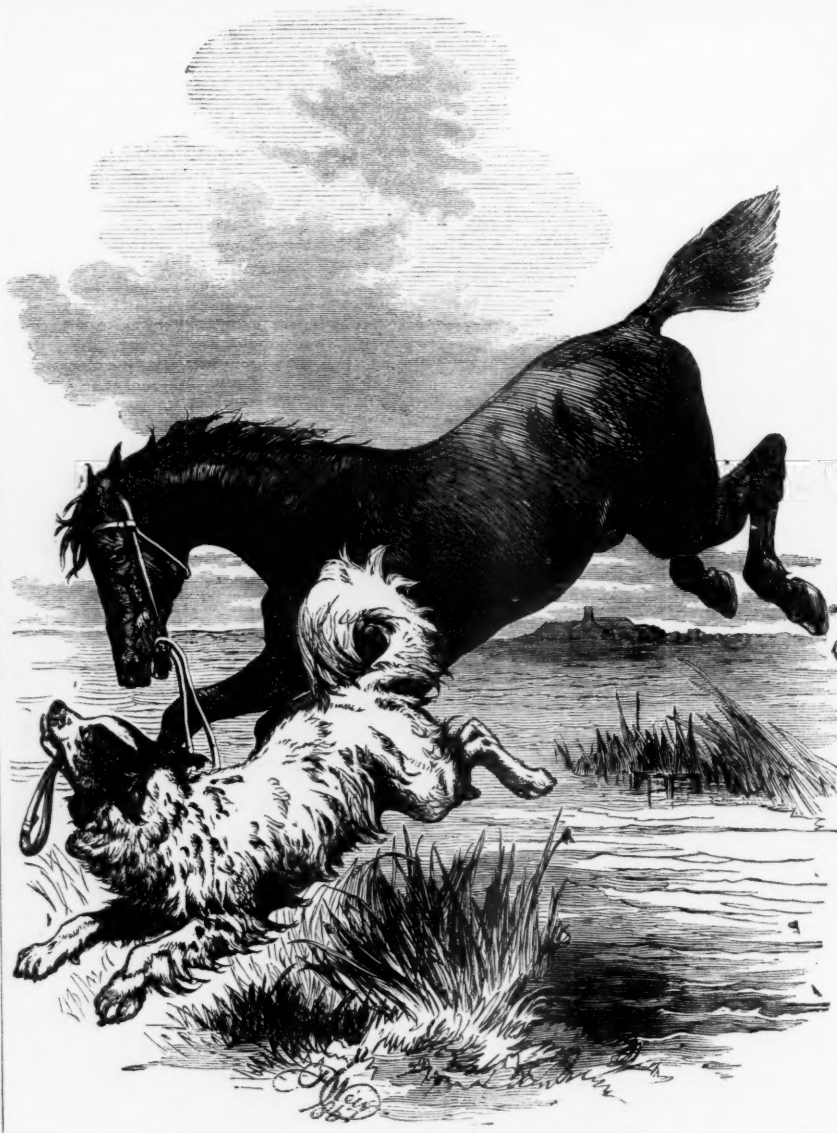
Poor Dash.

"Go and get it! Go and get it, I say!"

Poor little Dash crept close to his young master's feet, looking up in his face with earnest pleading eye, as if he would say—

"Please, please don't! I cannot do what you want."

THE FOUR-FOOTED GROOM.



Tom was trying to make Dash swim after a stick, which he had just thrown into the river. Now, Dash was not a water dog, having no more love for it than a cat, and foolish Tom was bent on making him one. He kicked the poor little animal away and repeated his order; then, angry that it was not obeyed, seized him and threw him into the water. The dog was sorely frightened, but by hard struggling reached the bank, and crawled to his master's feet with a pitiful whine, wet, panting, trembling. The cruel boy caught him up with hard words, and was just going to throw him in again, when a pair of strong arms seized him, and a man's voice said:—

"Here, you young scamp! Now we'll see how you like to swim!"

It was Tom's turn to be frightened. He turned pale, trembled and caught his breath as the stranger lifted him in his strong arms as easily as he had poor Dash; he began to beg.

"Oh, sir, pray don't! I cannot swim, indeed I cannot! Oh, don't throw me into the water! I will never, never do so again."

The man paused, but did not let go his hold.

"Neither can your dog swim," said he; but you meant to make him do it, just to amuse yourself. Why can I not make you do it to amuse me? I am

as much larger and stronger than you as you are larger and stronger than that poor, panting, trembling dog."

Tom still begged and promised, and the stranger at last released him, saying:—

"Now, my boy, let me give you a kind word of advice. Never treat another, whether human being or dumb animal, as you would not like to be treated yourself. Never try to make anybody or anything do what God, when he created it, did not make it do, or to be what he did not mean it to be. If you keep these rules, you will be a better, wiser, happier boy. Good bye."

And Tom knew in his heart that the man was right, and the lesson, though it seemed severe, given in real kindness. —*Christian Register.*

Sunshine Echo.

A child went into a mountain ravine. While wandering there, he called aloud to break the loneliness, and heard a voice which called to him in the same tone. He called again, and, as he thought, the voice again mocked him. Flushed with anger, he rushed to find the boy who insulted him, but could find none. He then called out to him in anger, and with abusive epithets—all of which were faithfully returned to him. Choking with rage, the child ran to his mother and complained that a boy in the woods had abused and insulted him with many vile words. But the mother took her child by the hand and said:

"My child, these names were but the echoes of thine own voice. Whatever thou didst call was returned to thee from the hillside. Hadst thou called out pleasant words, pleasant words had returned to thee. Let this be thy lesson through life. The world will be the echo of thine own spirit. Treat thy fellows with unkindness, and they will answer with unkindness; with love, and thou shalt have love. Send forth sunshine from thy spirit, and thou shalt never have a clouded day; carry about a vindictive spirit, and even in the flowers shall lurk curses. Thou shalt receive over what thou givest, and that alone."

Always is that child in the mountain passes—and every man and woman is that child.

Thy-will-be-done Spirit.

Susie wanted to join a picnic; she wanted to go very much indeed. Her mother knew it. She was sorry not to let her daughter go, but refuse she must. There were good reasons why Susie should stay away.

Susie asked her mother, and her mother said, "No." Mrs. Barnes expected to see a sorrowful disappointment in her little daughter's face. Instead of which, she bounded away, singing merrily as she went.

"I was afraid of seeing you grievously disappointed," said her mother, much relieved by her daughter's behavior.

"I have got the 'Thy-will-be-done' spirit into my heart, dear mother, and that makes all right," said the child sweetly.

It is a spirit which would wipe away many a tear. —*Child's Paper.*

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

FROSTY BITS, FROSTY MOUTHS, AND SNOW-BALLS.

Many people complain of their horses "slobbering" in winter. It is caused by putting a frosty bit in their mouths. All bits should be covered with canvas, leather or rubber in the winter season. Any person doubting the injury by a frosty bit, can, by applying his own tongue to a frosted iron, two or three times a day for one week, be convinced that the horse so treated must have a sore mouth. If the bits are not covered, breathing on them a moment or two will remove the frost, and the horse will receive no harm.

Horses suffer in cold weather from carrying frost and icicles around their mouths, nostrils and chin. It will afford the animal a great deal of comfort to cut off the long hairs from the muzzle, leaving no chance for the frost and ice to collect. It will also be much more pleasant to the driver, as the horse will rub his nose against the driver's hat or coat, in order to get rid of this annoyance. It is one cause of horses throwing their heads up and down while in harness on the road.

Horses travelling in the snow, should, before going into the stall, have the snowballs removed from their feet, by carefully striking the *side*, and not the bottom of the shoe, as by the latter course the nails are driven farther in, the clench is raised and causes trouble by cutting or by losing the shoe. The snow should be cleaned out of the fetlocks perfectly, as it is one great cause of scratches. The snow and ice should also be carefully removed from the tail by beating it with a smooth, round stick. The tail hanging down over the legs, keeps them damp and cold all night, and sooner or later causes rheumatism or stiffness in the hind legs.

A. W. WILTON,
Horse Shoer, Dorchester.

CAMBRIDGE.

Editor Cambridge Press:—I was very much pained on Tuesday last at the inhumanity of three men (I do not know as I ought to call them men), upon a fine-looking but lame cow, which they were trying to force through the streets. One had a heavy stick with which he was beating her, another had a long pole with a sharp goad in the end of it, pricking her head, ears or sides, while the third one would resort to kicking her when she was down; the poor cow tried hard to go, but after a few steps sank down all tired out and panting. This took place on one of our most public streets almost under the eaves of the North Cambridge Police Station, and yet they were allowed to go on unmolested in their cruel business. I did not see any policeman around there; had there been I have no doubt the men would have been arrested, but it seems to me that something should be done to put a stop to such torture to dumb animals. Policemen should be on hand and look after such cases. I understand by a person living near there that this cow was driven in this condition all the way from the Lowell R.R., in Medford to the cattle pens at North Cambridge, and that such cruelty to sheep, cattle, horses or swine are of weekly occurrence. Can nothing be done to put a stop to this evil? Will not Mayor Harding inaugurate a reform in this particular and thus spare the pain to the dumb animals and those who feel for them? A.

[If "A." will make himself known to our Agent, the City Marshal of Cambridge, the case will be attended to at once. And all like cases should be promptly reported to him.—Ed.]

AN able and competent engineer estimates the loss in horses, extra wear of vehicles, and extra horse-shoeing in the cities of the United States, occasioned by block stone and cobble stone pavements as follows: On horses, \$15,000,000; on vehicles, \$20,000,000; and on horse-shoeing, \$21,000,000, making a total of \$56,000,000.—*Journal*.

It is wonderful the aspect of moral obligation things sometimes assume when we wish to do them.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

OUR BABY.

Did you ever see our baby?

Little Dot;

With her eyes so sparkling bright,
And her skin so lily white,
Lips and cheeks of rosy light,—

Tell you what,

She is just the sweetest baby
In the lot.

Dot, she is our little darling,

And to me,

All her little ways are witty:
When she sings her little ditty,
Every word is just as pretty
As can be—

Not another in the city
Sweet as she.

You don't think so?—never saw her?

Wish you could

See her with her playthings clattering,
And her little tongue a chattering,
Little dancing feet a pattering,—

Think you would

Love her just as well as I do,—
If you could!

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

TO MY FRIEND'S DOG.

I would not ask a truer love

On earth to call my own;

I would not wish a nobler heart

To beat for me alone.

His grief is not a mockery,

His deep-breathed, sobbing sigh,

His large but mutely eloquent,

Now sadly drooping eye.

He wanders with a lagging step,

And oft a plaintive cry,

And the tears that seem to stand in his,

Come welling to my eye.

If I could only tell him

That a week will soon glide by,

That his master 'll surely come again,

I should hear a joyful cry.

And when he hears that well-known step

And knows that fond caress,

He'll wake the far-off echoes

With his mad and wild excess.

Truth is a jewel without price,

And love a precious gem,

And truth and love as sure as thine,

Are worth a diadem.

CAMBRIDGE.

M. S. W.

BRAVEST.

Who struggles with his baser part

Who conquers and is free,

He may not wear a hero's crown,

Or fill a hero's grave;

But truth will place his name among

* The bravest of the brave.

Saturday Evening Post.

Stable and Farm.

THE PROTECTION OF SHEEP.—The point which my very few observations will embrace is the extraordinary increase in the growth and condition of sheep by being fed under cover, in an open yard with a shed in it. This idea has doubtless occurred to many others besides myself. But I am not aware that it has received the attention it demands at the hands of intelligent agriculturists through the New England States. Farmers, the principle is one that we have acknowledged in every practical way, by everything that eats, namely, that if it has plenty to eat, is warm, and has nothing to do, it is likely to thrive. I certainly was not aware, until by repeated experiments I tested the truth of it, namely, that the same animals when placed in the sheds and kept warm not only increase rapidly in their condition much more than those which are exposed to all weathers; and those that are kept warm consume a much smaller percentage of food than those exposed to all weathers. The long cold rain storms that occur in the cold winter months, are very injurious to sheep, as it hurts their fleece and gives the sheep colds and coughs that terminate in a distemper that sweeps off whole flocks; and the man who intends to succeed in sheep-raising in the New England States, and gives them no protection, will find it a failure, and himself no better off than he started.

J. L. HERSEY.

TUFTONBOROUGH, N. H.

—Mass. Ploughman.

WATER TROUGHS FOR STOCK.—A great many people who endeavor to take care of their animals in the best possible manner are not aware how much many of them suffer, in cold weather, for want of a supply of water. In many instances, ten or more of the horned cattle are watered in a tub or trough that will not hold a barrel of water. A boy, perhaps, who never reflected whether a cow or a bullock would drink one gallon of water or five, is directed to water the stock. He draws as much as the tub or trough will contain, and is then off. The result is, three or four of the master animals empty the trough, while half the herd get none.

The remedy is to provide a more spacious receptacle. Ten cows or bullocks, or ten horses, will often drink two pailfuls each, and even then have a stinted supply. Some large cows will require twelve to fifteen gallons each; and they will not yield a full flow of milk if such a quantity of pure water is not supplied. A trough where ten full grown animals are watered should be capacious enough to hold not less than ten barrels of water. Troughs where sheep drink are almost always too small to contain a supply for the flock.—*Ex.*

CARE OF COWS.—The care of cows is something that requires knowledge and painstaking in details. Make your cows comfortable. Abstain from all abuse; let no rude boys have access to them or no dogs worry them. If a cow is disposed to be ugly, breachy and hard to manage, you do not want her, or if you do, secure her against harm in this respect, and let kindness be the string to lead her rather than laid on. You will form an attachment thus, and this will be a benefit. By giving cows good quarters, the rains and snow of cold weather are avoided, and instead of shivering out in the cold, your stock is having bright looks and dry coats, chewing its cuds in contentment.—*Am. Stock Journal*.

CALVES that are well cared for, that have warm shelter, and that get a sufficiency of nutritious food, not overfed, continue their growth during the winter and will usually come in milk when two years old, which is a matter of considerable importance to the dairyman.—*Ibid.*

READER! Are there any cattle in your neighborhood left out of doors without shelter during cold weather? If so, please report to us.

MONTREAL CASES.

COMMENTS OF THE MAGISTRATE.

Patrick McMann, coal carter, was before the Recorder, for using a horse having sores on its back. The prisoner stated that he was nearly blind, and had recently bought the horse and license for \$30. A gentleman well acquainted with horses bore testimony to the effect that he saw the horse drawing a load of coals near the Canal Basin; the poor brute was in such a weak state that it was hardly able to move the load. On going closer and inspecting the animal, he found an open wound under the saddle, which to all appearances had been bad for some time. A boy was driving the horse.

The prisoner at first denied all knowledge of the sore, but when questioned by the Court admitted that he had noticed a few white hairs on the back.

The Recorder said the case was one of hundreds which came before him, and placed him in a very puzzling position. The men were always as poor as Job, and if he fined them it meant two months in jail, and their families starving; yet if he did not fine them he was violating his oath of office. At present there were far too many carters, and old spavined horses were employed by coal and other merchants, because they got the work done cheaper than if strong beasts were used. He had intended, in consideration of the prisoner's poorness, to discharge him, but his persistence in denying the charge, when it had been proved by competent and disinterested evidence, obliged him to teach the man a lesson. The horse must not be worked till quite cured, and a fine of \$2 be paid.

Christopher Cunningham, carter, was convicted at the Recorder's Court of causing a horse to be worked, which had galls on its back and shoulders. The policeman in charge of the case found the prisoner's horse vainly trying to move a load of coal. It had a bad wound on the shoulder, and in his opinion, he having had a good deal to do with horses, it should have been in the stable. The prisoner denied the cruelty, but said the horse might have a boil on its shoulder. He then said he knew nothing about the animal, and that he could not attend to more than one horse. He was very insolent, and interrupted the Recorder several times. His Honor in giving sentence said it was a bad case, and regretted that only one witness for the prosecution was present, as it was easy enough to get competent witnesses. He was, however, quite convinced of the cruelty, and would fine the prisoner \$5, or one month.

Thos. Torrington, carter, was charged before the Recorder with working a horse it having sores on its back. The prisoner was carting wood; his horse had fallen and could not rise. On removing the harness his large open sores were seen. The prisoner said he was a poor man and had a large family to support, and admitted that the horse was not fit for work. The Recorder said that the prisoner's poverty was no reason why he should be cruel, and cautioned him against working the horse till it was quite recovered. He would only fine him \$2.

A FAITHFUL DOG.

A sullen cross-breed of a watch dog, whose life had been spent in watching the dry goods store of Williams & Smith, refused to leave the store. He stood doggedly—no pun intended—in the middle of the store, and neither threats nor coaxing could get him out. The celebrated boy who "stood on the burning deck, whence all but him had fled," was a coward compared to this dog, who preferred death to what he considered dishonor. He was dragged out at last and taken to Orin Carpenter's livery stable, but he stole back again. He was again rescued and again escaped, and retreating to the cellar defied his pursuers to follow him. Shortly after the building fell in with a crash and old dog Tray went with it. We saw his body, burned to a cinder, soon after amid the debris and still smouldering ashes. Poor old dog, faithful to the death, *requiescat in pace.*—*Exchange.*

"A RIGHTEOUS man regardeth the life of his beast, but the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel."

OFFICERS OF THE SOCIETY.

President.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Vice-Presidents.

His Excellency WM. CLAPLIN, Newton.
Ex-Gov. A. H. BULLOCK, Worcester.
The Hon. Sec'y OLIVER WARNER, Northampton.
His Honor N. B. SHURTLEFF, Boston.
Rev. Jno. J. WILLIAMS, "
Rev. M. EASTRICK, "
GEO. B. EMERSON, L.L.D., "
Dr. Geo. C. SHATTUCK, "
ROBT. M. MASON, Esq., "
PATRICK DONAHUE, Esq., "
JAMES P. THORNDIKE, Esq., "
Dr. S. G. HOWE, "
Hon. ALBERT J. WRIGHT, "
Dr. HENRY G. CLARKE, "
C. ALLEN BROWN, Esq., "
JOHN D. PHILBRICK, Esq., "
J. INGERSOLL BOWDITCH, Esq., "
EDWARD N. PERKINS, Esq., West Roxbury.
QUINCY A. SHAW, Esq., West Roxbury.
Hon. MARSHALL P. WILDER, Dorchester.
Dr. W. C. B. FIELDFIELD, Dorchester.
FRANKLIN KING, Esq., Dorchester.
JOHN J. MAY, Esq., Dorchester.
JAMES M. CODMAN, Esq., Brookline.
Hon. LEVEIETT SALTONSTALL, Newton.
E. F. WATERS, Esq., Newington.
Hon. JOHN W. THOMAS, Dedham.
ROBERT B. FORBES, Jr., Esq., Milton.
L. BALDWIN, Esq., Brighton.
Dr. JOHN W. GRAVES, Lowell.
Hon. R. S. FROST, Chelsea.
JAMES LEE, Jr., Esq., Charlestown.
Hon. T. T. SAWYER, Charlestown.
Hon. E. L. NORRIS, Charlestown.
COLUMBUS TYLER, Esq., Somerville.
CHARLES O. GAGE, Esq., Arlington.
Rev. CHARLES C. SEWALL, Medfield.
Hon. C. H. SAUNDERS, Cambridge.
E. B. WELCH, Esq., Cambridge.
Hon. CHARLES F. SWIFT, Yarmouth.
Hon. MARSHALL S. UNDERWOOD, Dennis.
RICHARD L. PEASE, Esq., Edgartown.
Hon. E. C. SHERMAN, Plymouth.
Hon. HARRISON TWELVE, Taunton.
Dr. H. B. WHEELWRIGHT, Taunton.
Hon. ROBERT C. PITMAN, New Bedford.
Hon. JOHN S. BRAYTON, Fall River.
Dr. NATHAN DERFEE, Fall River.
Hon. JOHN B. ALLEY, Lynn.
Hon. EDWARD S. DAVIS, Lynn.
Hon. GEORGE F. CHASE, Salem.
JAMES A. GILLIS, Esq., Salem.
Hon. ASAHEL HUNTINGTON, Salem.
S. ENDICOTT PEABODY, Esq., Salem.
Hon. JOHN I. BAKER, Beverly.
RICHARD S. ROGERS, Esq., Peabody.
CHARLES P. PRESTON, Esq., Danvers.
Hon. EREN F. STONE, Newburyport.
THERON J. DALE, Esq., Gloucester.
CHARLES KIMB, Esq., Lowell.
WM. H. P. WRIGHT, Esq., Lawrence.
Hon. ALVAH CROCKER, Fitchburg.
Hon. FRANCIS B. FAY, South Lancaster.
Col. WM. S. LINCOLN, Worcester.
Hon. C. C. ESTY, Framingham.
WM. G. PRESCOTT, Esq., Pepperell.
Hon. W. L. REED, Abington.
Hon. HENRY L. SABINE, Williamstown.
WILLIAM T. FELLEYS, Esq., Lanesborough.
Hon. THOMAS COLT, Pittsfield.
Hon. SAMUEL W. BOWMAN, Pittsfield.
Hon. ENSIGN H. KELLOGG, Pittsfield.
Hon. WILLIAM TAYLOR, Lee.
GRAHAM A. ROOT, Esq., Sheffield.
DAVID LEAVETT, Esq., Great Barrington.
Hon. W. B. C. PEARSONS, Holyoke.
Hon. WM. B. WASHBURN, Greenfield.
ALFRED R. FIELD, Esq., Greenfield.
Hon. GEORGE H. GILBERT, Ware, (deceased.)
Hon. SAMUEL WILLISTON, Easthampton.
WM. B. HALE, Esq., Northampton.
Hon. HENRY W. BISHOP, Lenox.
JOHN WINTHROP, Esq., Stockbridge.
Hon. JOHN Z. GOODRICH, Stockbridge.
Hon. THOMAS TALBOT, Billerica.
Hon. E. B. GILLET, Westfield.
Hon. J. T. ROBINSON, Adams.
Hon. VALORUS TAFT, Upton.
Hon. DANIEL L. HARRIS, Springfield.
Hon. ELIPHALET TRASK, Springfield.
Hon. FRANCIS W. BIRD, Walpole.
GEORGE S. TAYLOR, Esq., Chicopee Falls.
Hon. R. H. LEAVETT, Charlestown.
Hon. L. M. HILLS, Amherst.
GEO. BERRANK, Esq., Brighton.
Hon. CHARLES FIELD, Athol.
HENRY H. PETERS, Esq., Jamaica Plain.
Hon. AARON C. MAYHEW, Milford.
RALPH WALDO EMERSON, Esq., Concord.
Col. THEODORE LYMAN, Brookline.

Directors.

GEO. T. ANGELL.
WILLIAM GRAY.
RUSSELL STURGIS, Jr.
GEO. TYLER BIGELOW.
HENRY SALTONSTALL.
W. W. MORLAND.
D. D. SLADE.
GEORGE NOYES.
THOMAS CONERY.
FRANKLIN EVANS.
JOHN REED.
WM. G. WELD.
WM. APPLETON.
JOSEPH R. GLOVER.
HENRY H. PETERS.
FRANK B. FAY.
HENRY SALTONSTALL.
Treasurer.
FRANK B. FAY.
Secretary.
CHARLES A. CURRIER.
Special Agent.

LIST OF AGENTS OF THE SOCIETY.

Athol, E. T. LEWIS.
Abington, JOSIAH CUSHMAN.
Ashburnham, PHILIP R. MERIAM, Jr.
Brighton, GEORGE BURBANK.
" N. G. LYNCH.
Barre, P. H. BARRETT.
Boston Highlands, ELISHA M. DAVIS.
Charlestown, STEPHEN P. KELLEY.
Cambridge, A. H. STEVENS, Jr.
" FORDYCE M. STIMPSON.
Cordaville, F. A. DORR.
Cohasset, J. Q. A. LOTHROP.
Concord, JAMES C. MELVIN.
Coleraine, HUGH B. MILLER.
Chicopee Falls, GEORGE MCQUEEN.
Clinton, GILBERT P. WHITMAN.
Danvers, ABRAHAM PATCH, Jr.
East Boston, EDWARD BRIGHAM.
Easthampton, E. THOMAS SAWYER.
East Abington, FRANKLIN POOL.
Fall River, A. WINSLOW.
Framingham, J. G. BANNISTER.
Groton Junction, B. L. HOWE.
Granby, LORINZO WASH.
Great Barrington, LEVI WARNER.
Gloucester, BENJ. HODGKINS, Jr.
Greenfield, WM. ELLIOTT.
" SAMUEL J. LYON.
Haverhill, JOHN TUCK.
Hadley, S. C. WILDER.
Hubbardston, L. WOODWARD.
Hudson, GEORGE F. STETSON.
Holyoke, CHARLES H. ROBINSON.
Jamaica Plain, E. D. WIGGIN.
Lowell, WM. THOMAS.
" HENRY MARSHALL.
Lawrence, CHAS. P. BOWLES.
Lynn, JOSEPH H. KEYES.
" ALLEN G. SHEPHERD.
Lancaster, JAS. A. KATHAWAY.
" Dr. J. L. S. THOMPSON.
Lecester, JOHN D. COGGSWELL.
" PERLEY HOLMAN.
Lakeville, OTIS TINKHAM.
Lexington, A. W. LOCKE.
Medfield, Rev. C. C. SEWALL.
Maplewood, WM. F. WOODWARD.
Melrose, JAMES P. LURVEY.
Marshfield, GEORGE M. BAKER.
Milford, A. W. KEENE.
Marlborough, SYLVESTER F. BUCKLIN.
Northampton, ANSEL WRIGHT, Jr.
North Chelsea, JOHN H. PROCTOR.
Newton Centre, J. A. PECK.
North Mansfield, DAVID P. HATCH.
Newburyport, W. H. FITTS.
Newton, JOHN M. FISK.
Palmer, P. W. WEBSTER.
Pembroke, JULIUS CUSHMAN.
Pepperell, LEVI WALLACE.
Quincy, JOSIAH P. QUINCY.
Rochdale, GEORGE KINNEY.
Springfield, L. H. PEASE.
" E. S. CROSER.
Salem, GEORGE F. BROWNING.
Southborough, JAMES L. HUNT.
Stoneham, RICHARD PLUMMER.
Sheffield, Dr. HORACE D. TRAIN.
South Scituate, L. C. WATERMAN.
South Hanover, EZRA PHILLIPS.
South Hanson, J. B. CHANDLER.
South Abington, H. H. BRIGHAM.
South Marshfield, D. A. THOMPSON.
Southbridge, H. W. BACON.
Somerville, MELVILLE C. PARKHURST.
Taunton, WILLIS POTTER.
Upton, TIMOTHY IDE.
Worcester, JAS. M. DRENNAN.
Ware, WM. E. LEWIS.
Webster, SOLOMON SHUMWAY.
Warren, WM. M. VARD.
Wakefield, W. L. ARMOR.
Woburn, WM. N. TIDD.
Westfield, WM. N. CHAMBERLIN.
West Duxbury, JULIUS CUSHMAN.
Waltham, H. P. SHERMAN.

If you undertake to call men's thoughts and tongues to account for idle and gossiping talk, you will be like a swallow that undertakes to clear the evening air of all the summer insects that fly in it.

Norwood.

IN SORROW, NOT IN ANGER.—The little that I have seen in the world, and known of the history of mankind, makes me look upon their errors in sorrow, not in anger. When I take the history of one poor heart that has sinned and suffered, and represent to myself the struggles and temptations it passed through—the brief pulsations of joy, the tears of regret, the feebleness of purpose, the scorn of the world that has little charity, the desolation of the soul's sanctuary, and threatening voices within, health gone, happiness gone—I would fain leave the erring soul of my fellow-man with Him from whose hands it came.—*Dr. Chalmers.*

"BLESSED are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."

and
you
the
.
d.

at I
y of
row,
poor
it to
ssed
s of
the
the
thin,
the
hose

tain